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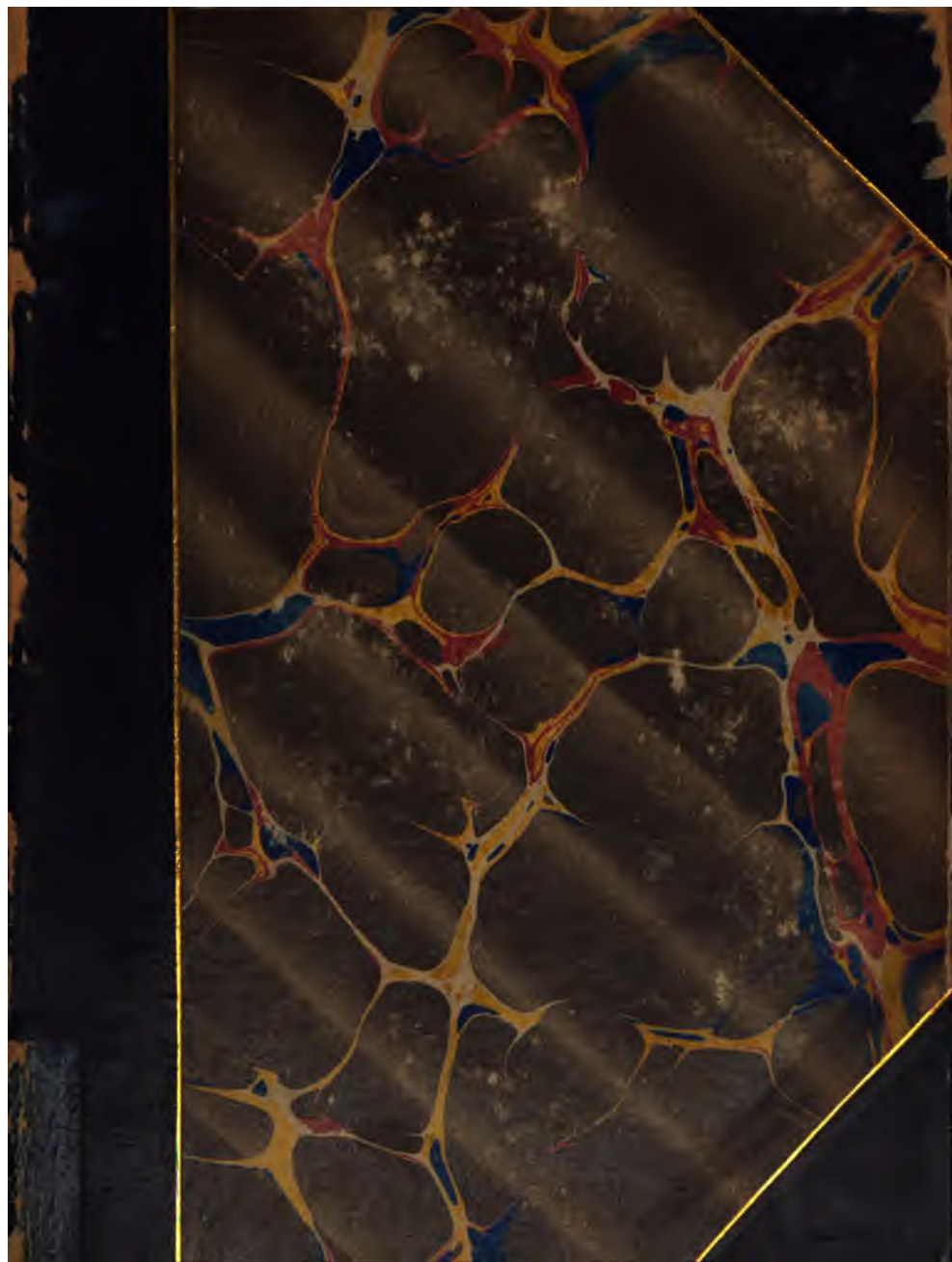
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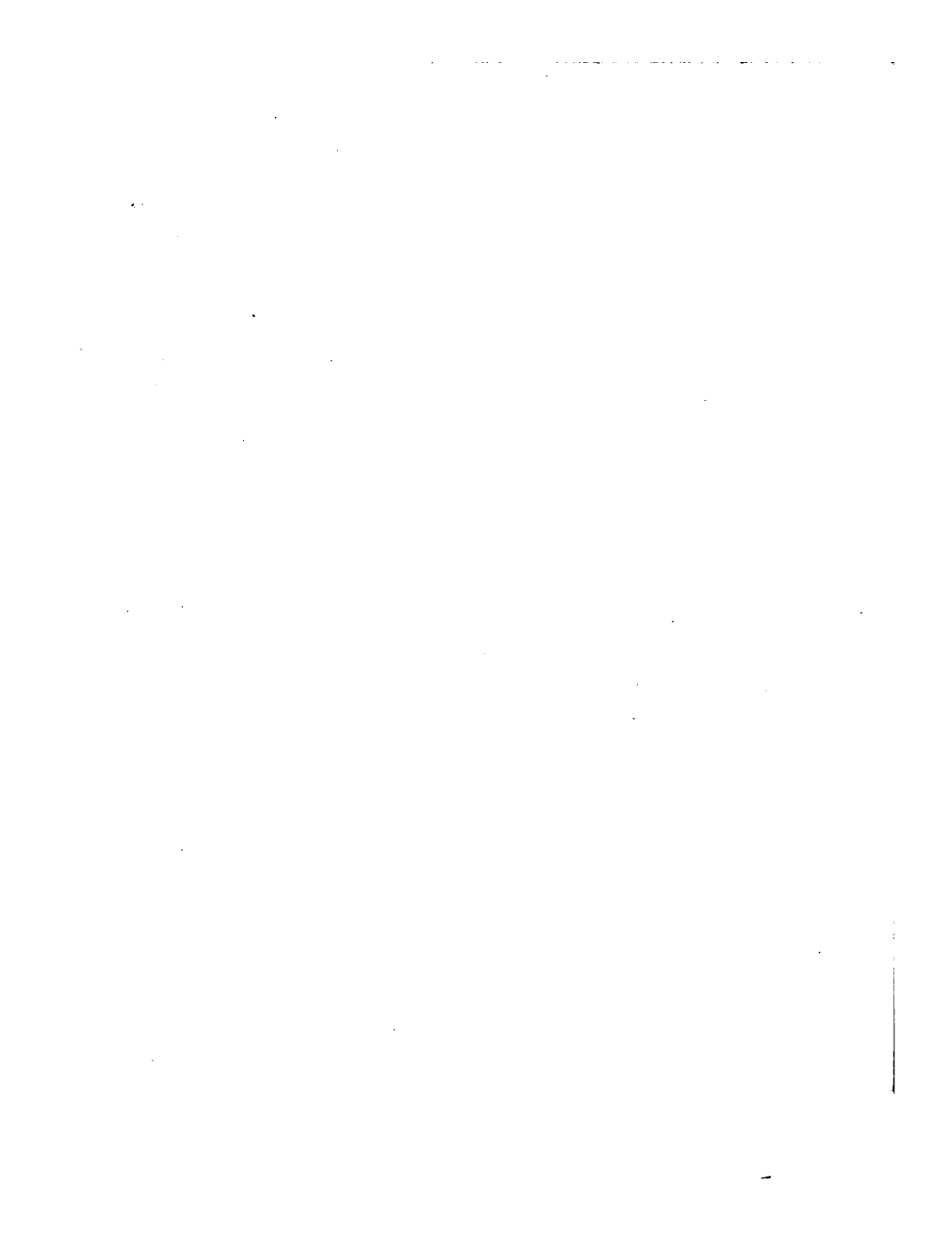
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C. H.

Sack

9.

A  
PREPARATIVE

to Study :

OR,  
THE VIRTUE  
OF  
SACK.

---

Whereunto is added the valiant  
Battell between the *Norfolk* and  
the *Wisbich* Cock.

---



LONDON, Printed Anno Dom. 1651.



THE HAZARD

OF

THE RIVER

STOCK

THE HAZARD OF THE RIVER  
STOCK

THE HAZARD OF THE RIVER  
STOCK



# A PREPARATIVE

to Study:

OR  
THE VIRTUE OF  
Sack.



Etch me *Ben Johnsons* Seal, and fill't with Sack,  
Rich as the same he drank, when the whole pack  
Of jolly Sisters pledg'd, and did agree,  
It was no sinne to be as drunk as hee ;  
If there be any weaknesse in the Wine,

Ther's virtue in the Cup to mak't divine ;  
This muddy drench of Ale does tast too much  
Of Earth, the Malt retains a scurvy touch  
Of the dull Hynde that sow'd it, and I fear  
There's heresie in hops ; give *Calwyn* Beer,  
And his precise Disciples, such as think  
There's Powder-Treason in all *Spanish* drink ;  
Call Sack an Idoll : we will kisse the cup,  
For fear the Conventicle be blown up  
With superstition ; away with Brew-house Alms  
Whose best mirth is six shilling Beer and Psalms.  
Let me rejoyce in sprightly Sack, that can  
Create a Brain even in an empty Pan.  
*Canary* ! it is thou that dost inspire  
And actuate the soul with heavenly fire.

Thou mak'st us Lords of Regions, large and fair,  
 Whilst our conceits build Castles in the Ayre,  
 Since fire, earth, ayr, thus thy inferiors be ;  
 Hence forth i'll know no Element but thee :  
 Thou precious *Elixir* of all grapes  
 Welcome ; by thee our Muse begins her scapes :  
 I would not leave the Sack to be with *Jove* :  
 His *Nectar* is but fain'd ; but I doe prove  
 Thy more essentiall worth. I am (me thinks)  
 In the *Exchequer* now ; hark how it chinks !  
 And doe esteeme my venerable self  
 As brave a fellow as if all that Pelf  
 Were sure mine own ; and I have thought a way  
 Already how to spend it ; I would pay  
 No debts, but fairly empty every Trunk,  
 And change the Gold for Sack, to keep me drunk ;  
 And so by consequence, till rich *Spains* wine  
 Being in my crown, the *Indies* too were mine ;  
 And when my Brains are once affote (heaven blesse us)  
 I think my self a better man then *Cressus* :  
 And now I doe conceipt my selfe a Judge,  
 And coughing, laugh, to see my Clyents trudge  
 After my Lordships Coach, unto the Hall,  
 For Justice, and am full of Law withall,  
 And doe become the Bench as well as he  
 That fled of late for want of honestie.  
 But i'll be Judge no longer, though in jest,  
 For fear I should be talkt with, like the rest,  
 When I am sober : who can chuse but think  
 Me wise, that am so wary in my drinke ?  
 Oh admirable Sack, thy heer's dainty sport ;  
 I am come back from *Wesminster* to Court ;  
 And am grown young again ; my Physick now  
 Hath left me ; and my Judges graver brow  
 Is smooth'd, and I turn'd amorous as *May*,  
 When she invites young Lovers forth to play  
 Upon her flowry bosom : I could winne  
 A vestall now, or tempt a Saint to sin.

Oh,

KNOW they would live, which still should ravish me.  
 Three Goddesses were nothing : Sack has tippt  
 My tongue with Charms, like those which *Paris* sipp  
 From *Venus*, when she taught him how to kisse  
 Fair *Helen*, and invite a farther blisse :  
 Mine is *Carnary-Rhetorique*, that alone  
 Would turne *Diana* to a burning stone ;  
 Stone with amazement, burning with Loves fire,  
 Hard to the touch ; but short in her desire.  
 Inestimable Sack ! thou mak'st us rich,  
 Wife, amorous ; any thing : I have an itch  
 To t'other Cup, and that perchance will make  
 Me valiant too, and quarrell for thy sake :  
 If I be once inflam'd against thy Foes,  
 That would preach down thy worth in small-beer prose,  
 I shall doe Miracles as bad, or worse,  
 As he that gave the King an hundred horse.  
 I'me in the North already ; *Lasley's* dead,  
 He that would rise, carry the King his head,  
 And tell him (if he ask, who kill'd the *Scot*)  
 I knock't his Brains out with a pottle pot.  
 Out ye Rebellious Vipers ; I'me come back  
 From thence again, because there's no good Sack,  
 T'other odd Cup, and I shall be prepar'd  
 To snatch at Starrs, and pluck down a reward  
 With mine own hands, from *Jove*, upon their backs.  
 That are, or *Charles's* Enemies, or Sacks :  
 Let it be full, if I doe chance to spill  
 Over my Standish by the way, I will,  
 Dipping in this diviner Inck my pen,  
 Write my self fober, and fall to 't agen.

F I N I S.

## The Combat of the Cocks.

**G**o you tame Gallants, you that have the names,  
And would accounted be Cocks of the Game,  
That have brave spurs to shew for't, and can crow,  
And count all dunghill breed that cannot shew  
Such painted plumes as yours; that think's no vice,  
Wish Cock-like lust to tread your Cockatrice:  
Though Peacocks, Wood-cocks, Weather-cocks you be,  
If y<sup>e</sup> are no fighting Cocks, y<sup>e</sup> are not for me:  
I of two feather'd Combatants will write;  
He that to th<sup>e</sup> life meanes to expresse the fight,  
Must make his ink o<sup>r</sup> his blood which they did spill,  
And from their dyings-wings borrow his quill.

**N**O sooner were the doubtfull people set,  
The matches made, and all that would had bet,  
But straight the skillfull Judges of the play,  
Bring forth their sharp heel'd Warriors, and they  
Were both in lianen bags, as if 'twere meet,  
Before they dy'd to have their winding-sheet.  
With that in th<sup>e</sup> pit they are put, and when they were  
Both on their feet, the Norfolk Chanticleer  
Looks stoutly at his ne're before seen foe,  
And, like a Challenger, begins to crow;  
And shakes his wings, as if he would display  
His warlicke colours, which were black and gray:  
Mean time the wary *Wishich* walks, and breaths  
His active body, and in furie wreathes  
His comely crest, and often looking down.  
He whets his angry beak upon the ground:  
With that they meet, not like that Coward breed  
Of *Æsop*, they can better fight than feed.  
They scorn the dunghill, 'tis their only prize,  
To dig for pearl within each others eyes:  
They fight so long that it was hard to know  
To the skilfull, whether they did fight or no:

Had

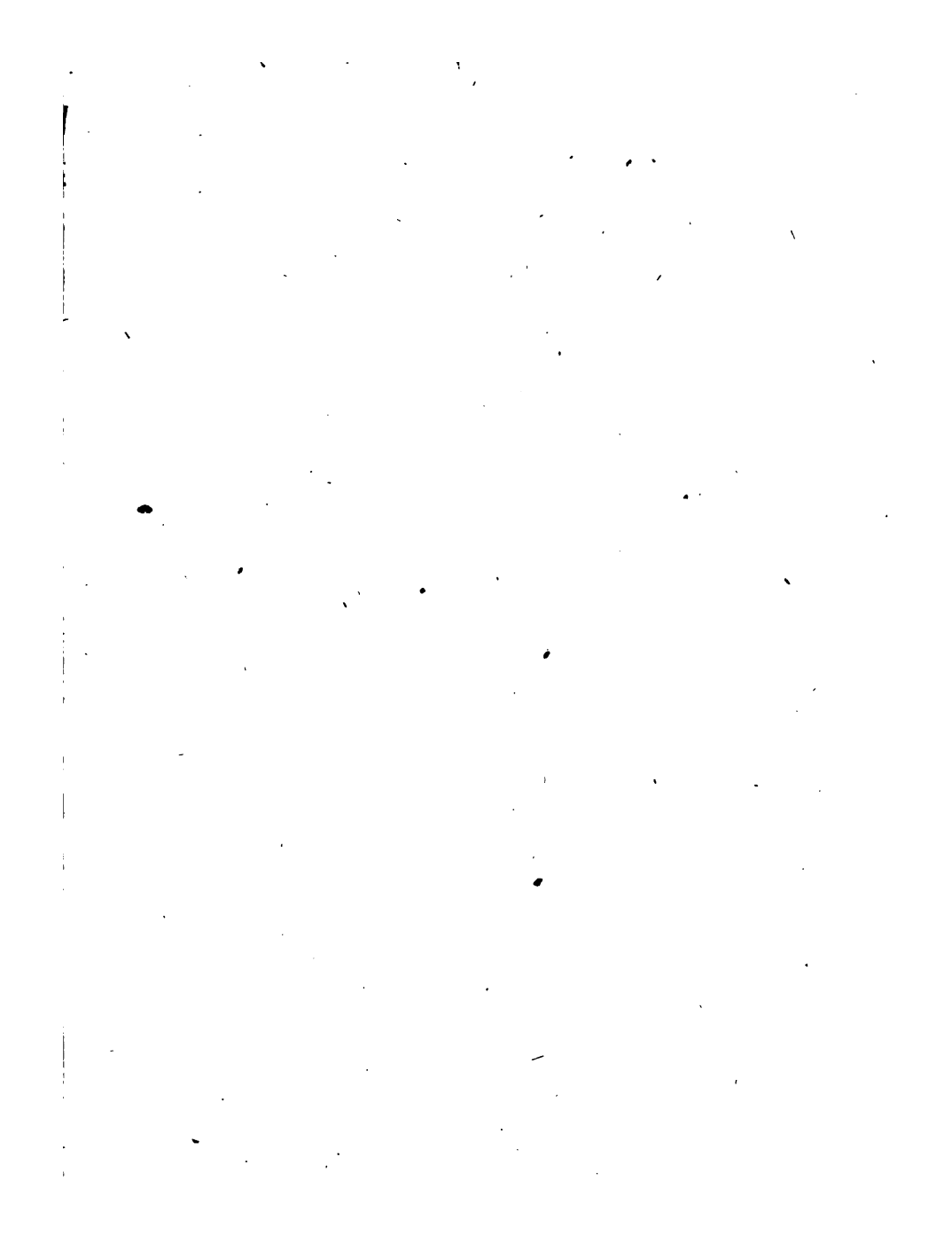
HAD NOT THE BLOOD WHICH BY A THE FIGHT THEY  
 BORN WITNESSE OF IT ; yet they fight the more :  
 As if each wound were but a spur to prick  
 Their furie forward : lightning's not more quick  
 Nor red than were their eyes : 'twas hard to know  
 Whether it was blood or anger made them so :  
 And sure they had been out, had they not stood  
 More safe by being fenced in by blood.  
 Yet still they fight, but now (alas) at length,  
 Although their courage be full try'd, their strength  
 And blood began to ebb ; you that have seen  
 A water-combat on the Sea, between  
 Two roaring angrie boyling billowes, how  
 They march, and meet, and dash their curled brows  
 Swelling like graves, as if they did intend  
 T' intomb each other, ere the quarrell end :  
 But when the wind is down, and blustering weather,  
 They are made friends, and sweetly run together,  
 May think these Champions such ; their combs grow low,  
 And they that leapt even now, now scarce can goe :  
 Their wings which lately at each blow they clapt  
 ( As if they did applaud themselves ) now flap.  
 And having lost th' advantage of the heel,  
 Drunk with each others blood, they only reel.  
 From either eyes such drops of blood did fall,  
 As if they wept them for their funerall.  
 And yet they would faine fight, they come so near,  
 As if they meant into each others ear  
 To whisper death ; and when they cannot rise,  
 They lye and look blows in each others eyes.  
 But now the Tragick part after the fight,  
 When *Norfolk* Cock had got the best of it,  
 And *Wishich* lay a dying, so that none,  
 Though sober, but might venter seven to one,  
 Contracting (like a dying Taper) all  
 His force, as meaning with that blow to fall ;  
 He struggles up, and having taken wind,  
 Venter a blow, and strikes the other blind  
 And now poor *Norfolk* having lost his eyes,  
 Fights only guided by th' Antipathies :

With

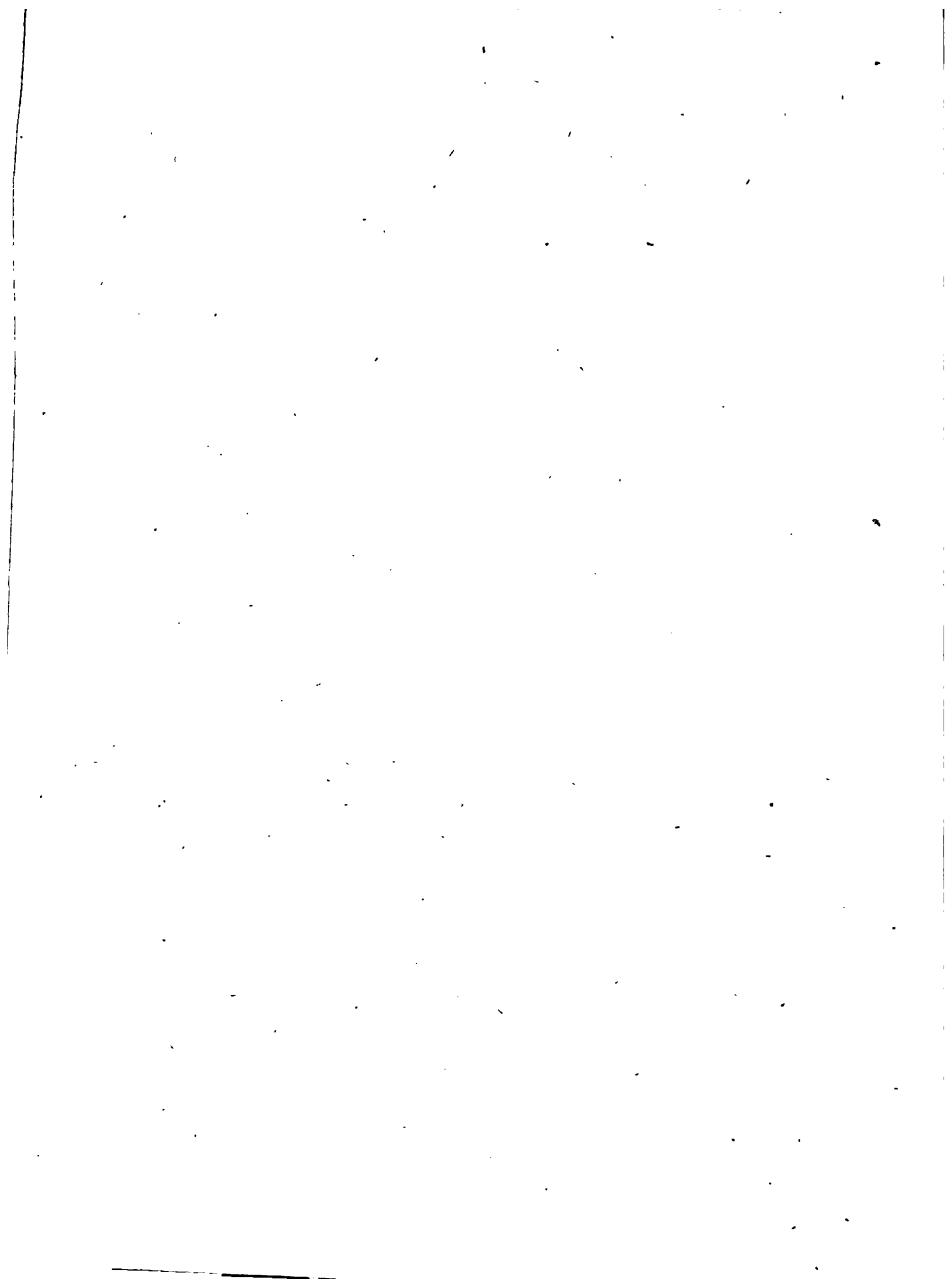
With him (alas the reverend old poet,  
 The blows his eyes ne're see, his heart must rue.  
 At length by chance, he stumbling on his foe,  
 Not having any power to strick a blow,  
 He falls upon him with a wounded head,  
 And makes his conquer'd wings his feather-bed :  
 Where lying sick, his friends were very charie,  
 Calling (to help him) an Apothecarie :  
 But all in vain, his body did so blister,  
 It was untapable of any glister ;  
 Wherefore at length op'ning his fainting bill,  
 He call'd a Scrivener, and thus made his will.

**I**nprimis, *Let it never be forget,*  
*My body freely I bequeath to th' pot,*  
*Decently to be boy'd, and for its tomb,*  
*Let it be buried in some hungry womb.*  
*Item, Executors I will have none,*  
*But he that one my side layd seven to one :*  
*And like a Gentleman that he may live,*  
*To him and to his heires my comb I give ;*  
*Together with my brains, that all may know,*  
*That often times his brains did use to crow.*  
*Item, It is my will to th' weaker ones,*  
*Whose wives complaine of them, I give my stones ;*  
*To him that's dull I do my spurs impart,*  
*And to the Coward I bequeath my heart :*  
*To Ladies that are light, it is my will,*  
*My feathers should be giv'n : and for my bill,*  
*I'de give't a Taylor, but it is so short,*  
*That I'm afraid hee'll rather curse me for't :*  
*And for the Apothecaries fee, who meant*  
*To give m' a glister, let my rump be sent.*  
*Lastly, because I feel my life decay,*  
*I yeeld, and give to Wisbeck Cock the day.*

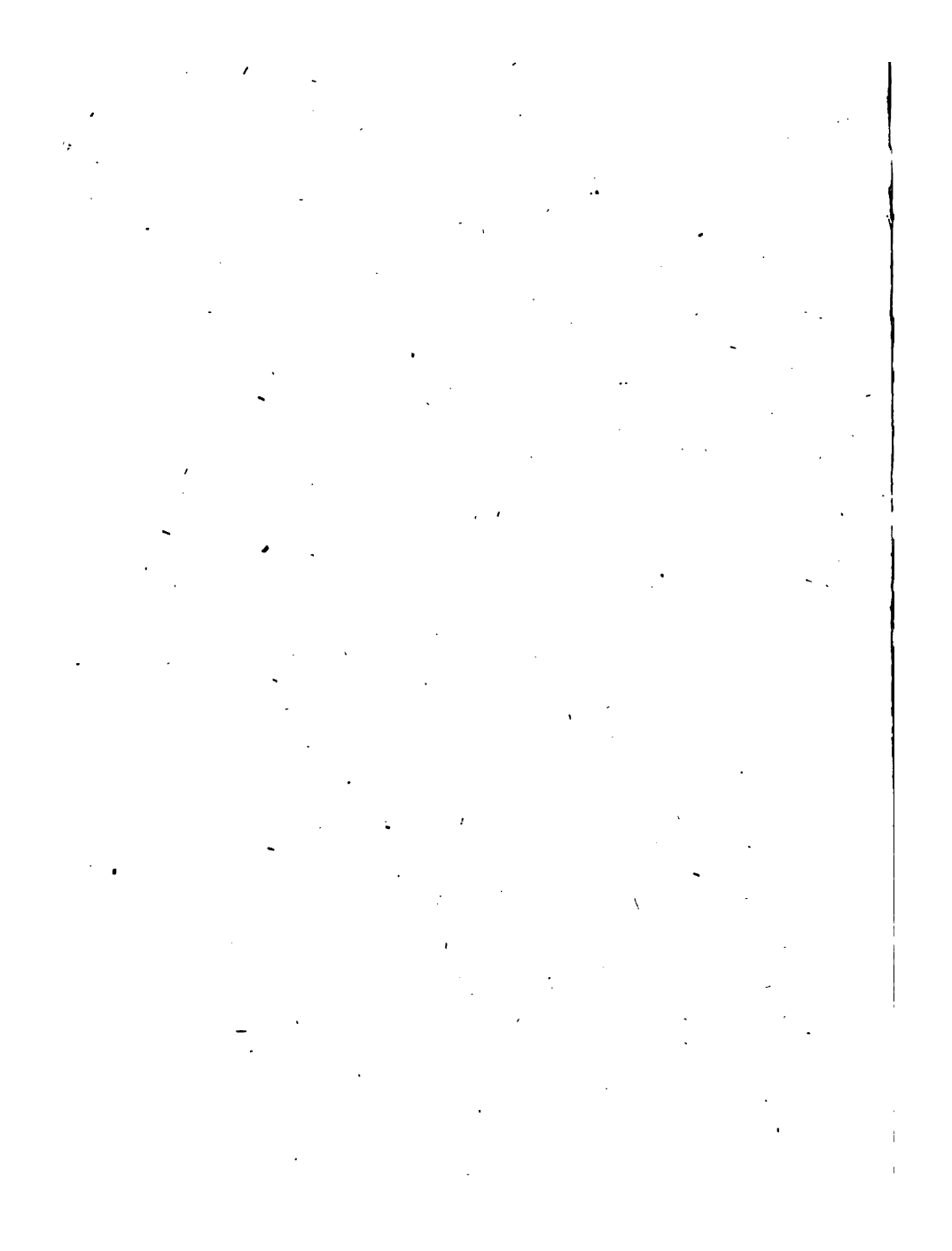
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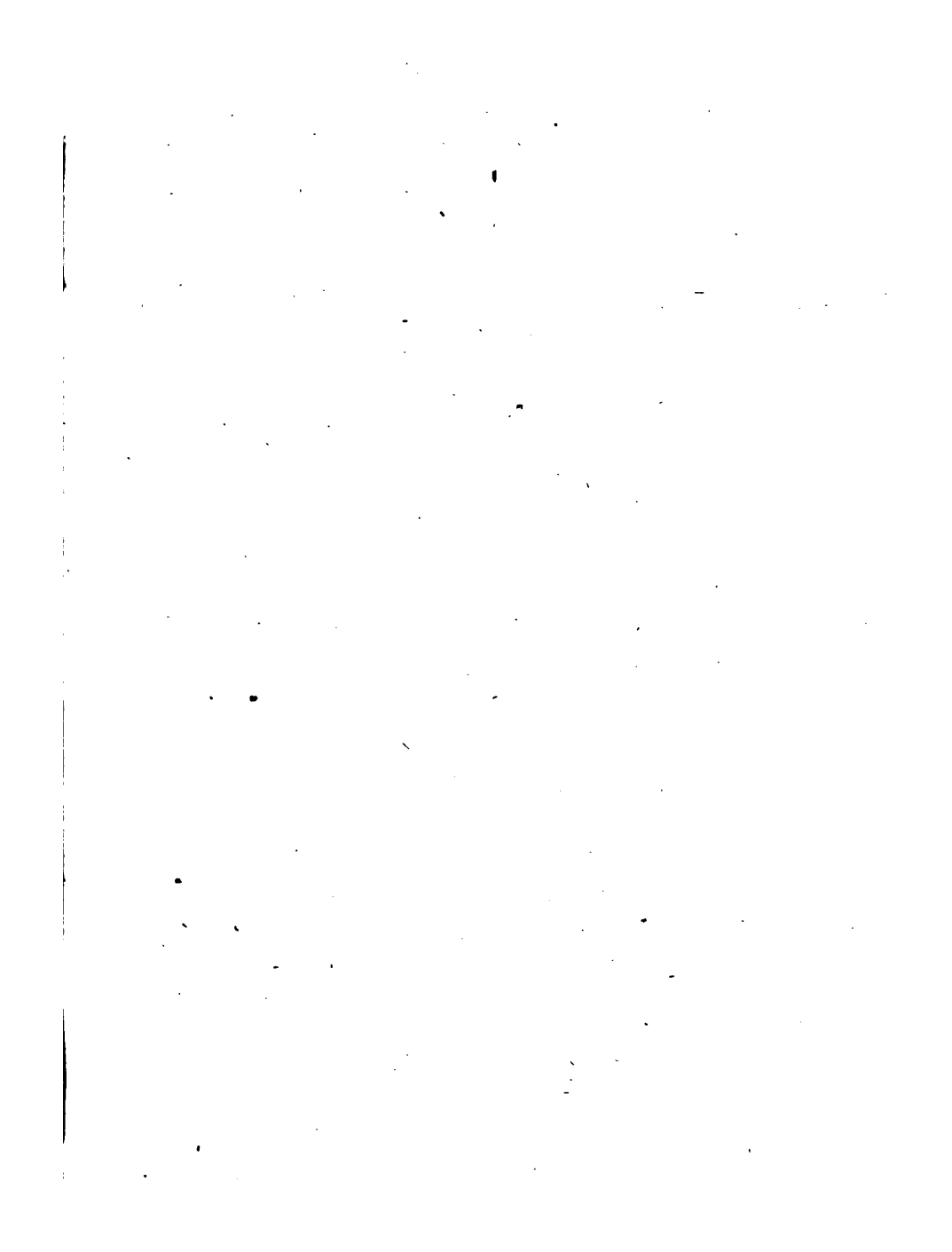


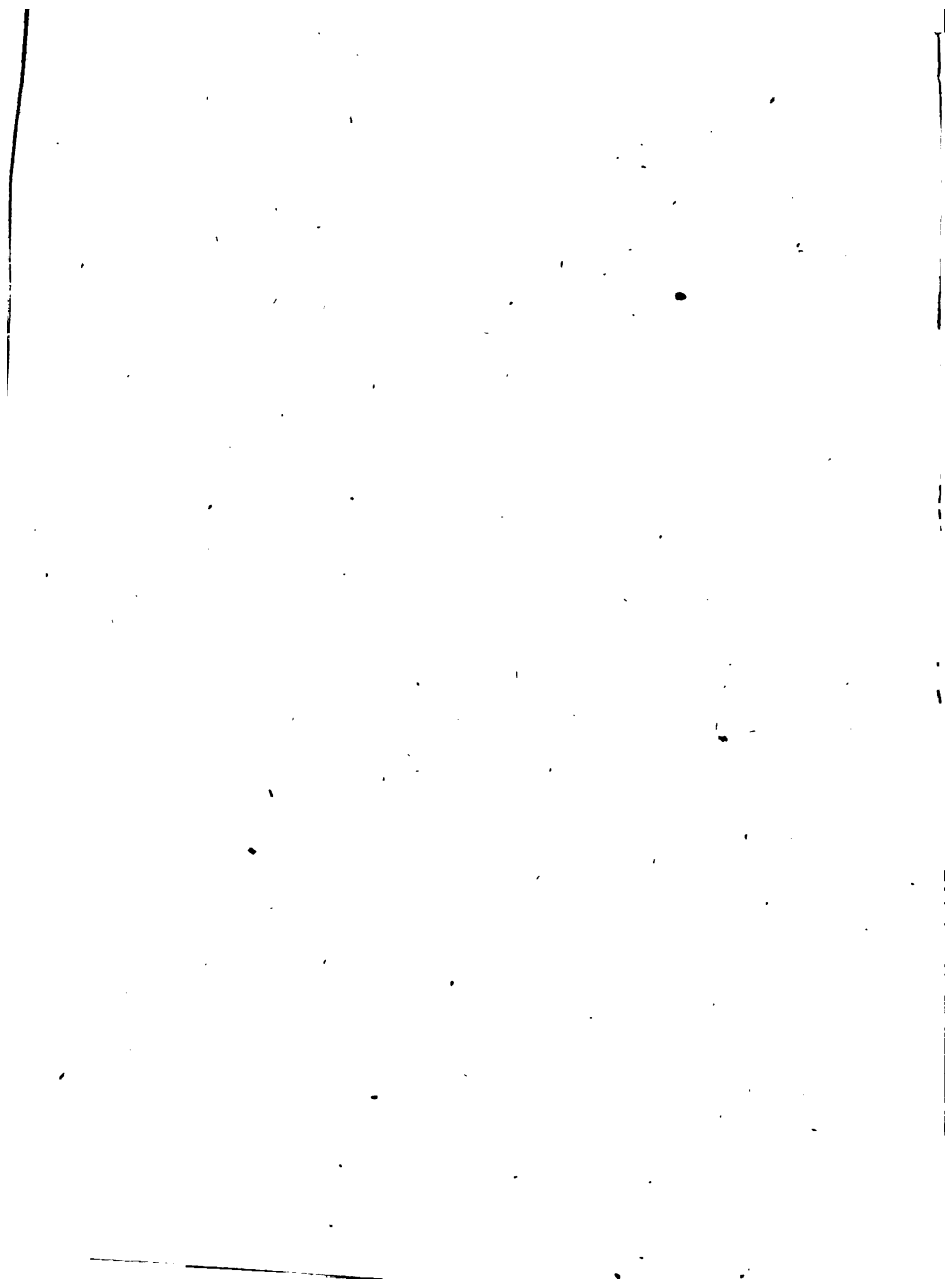


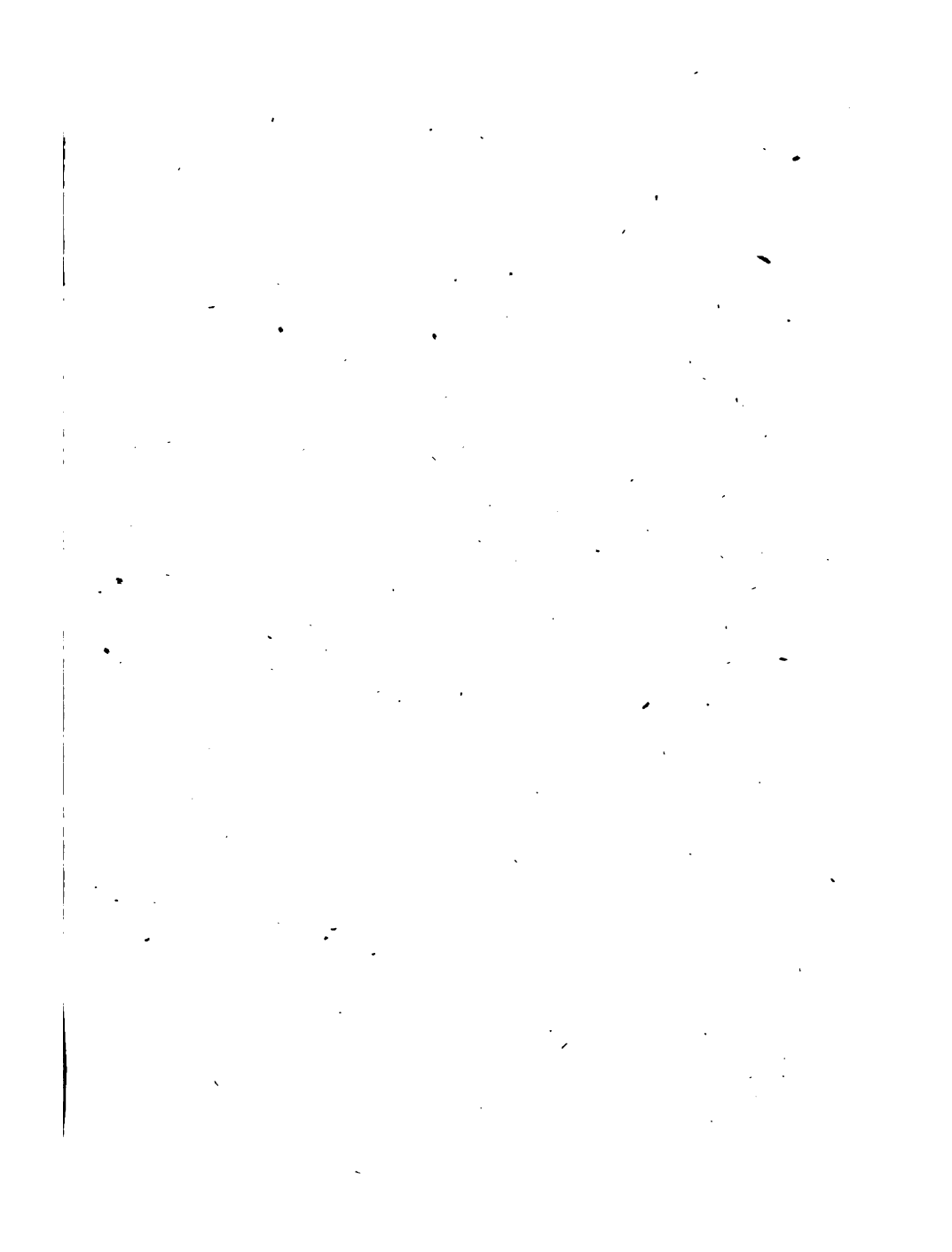


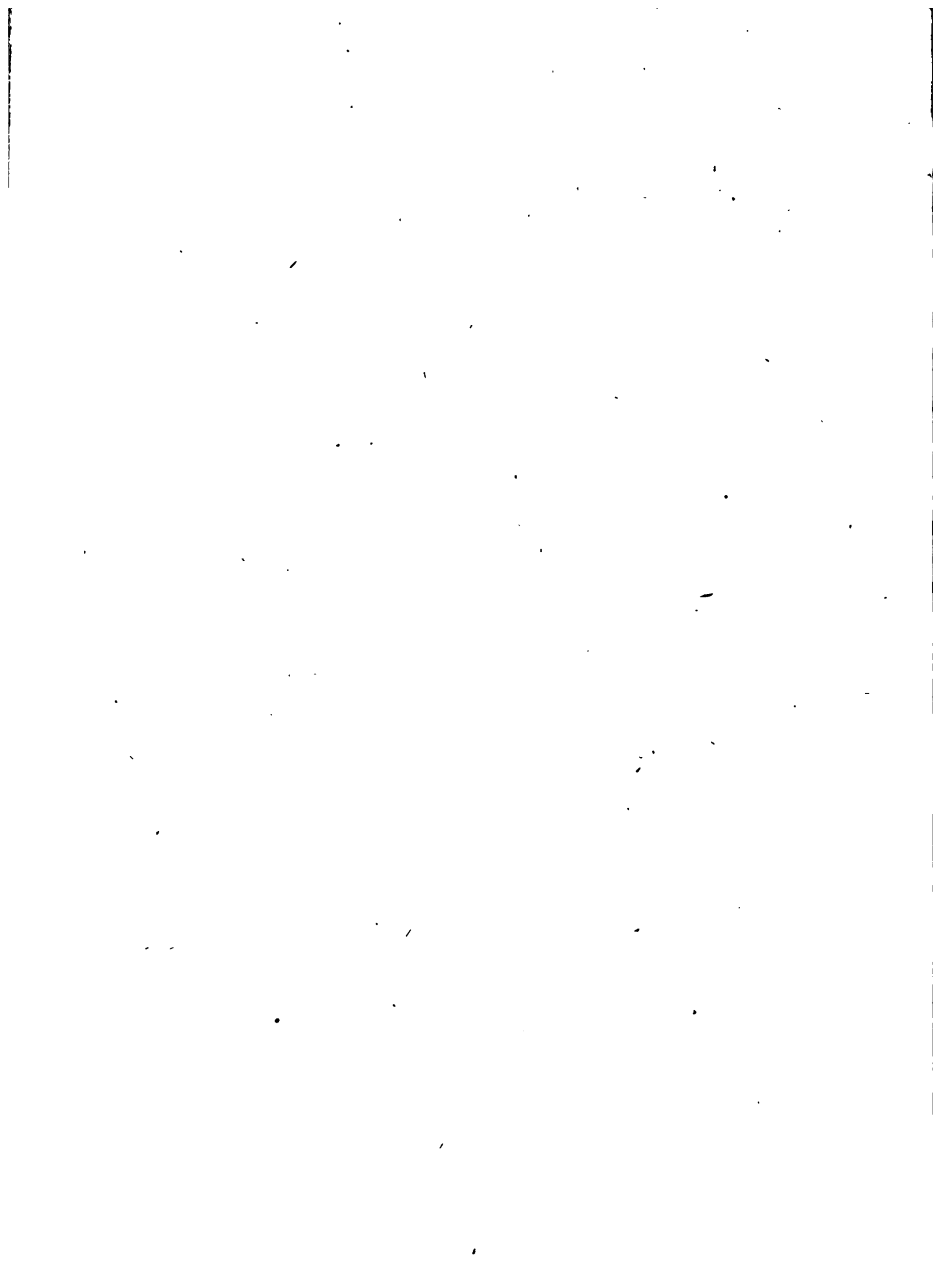






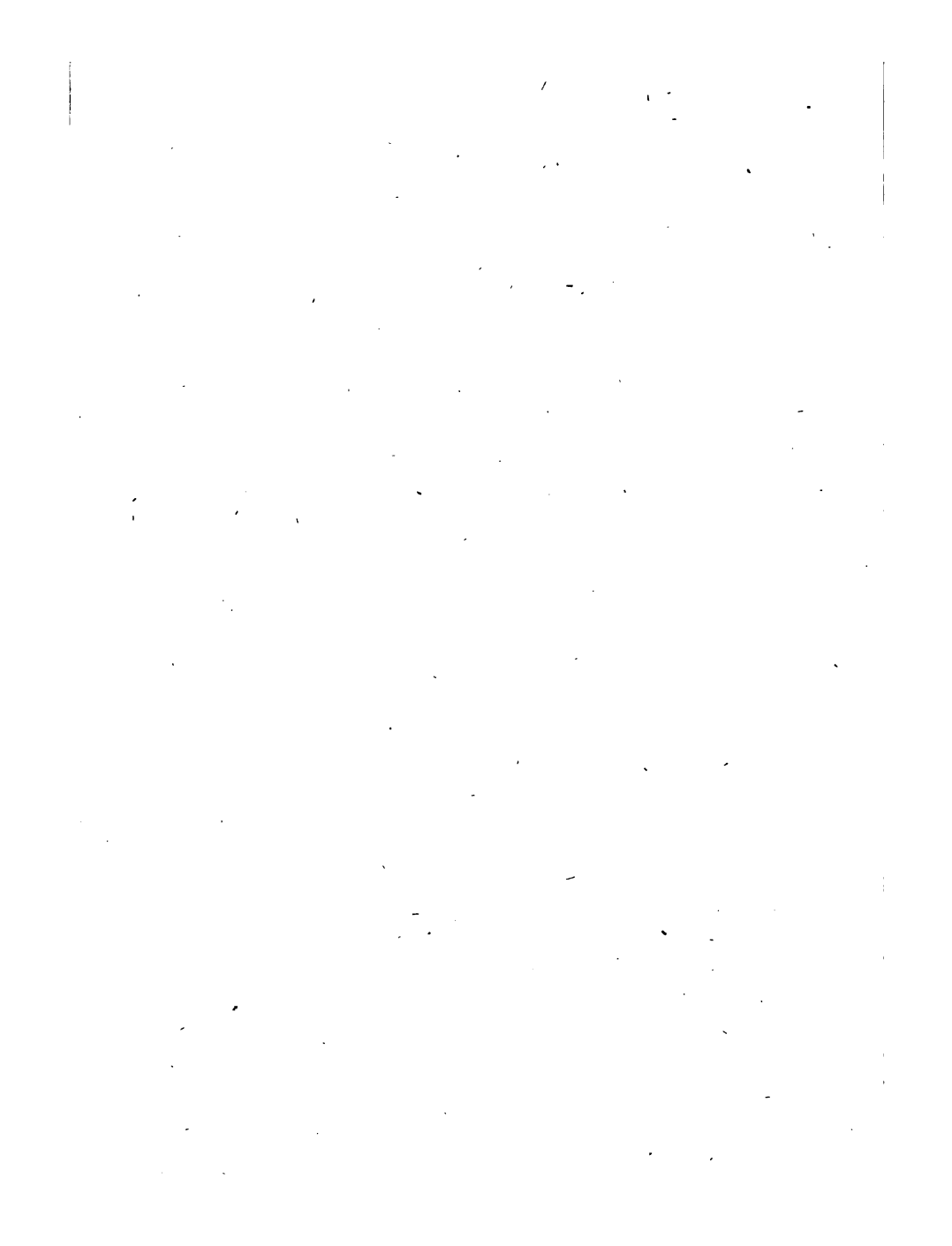




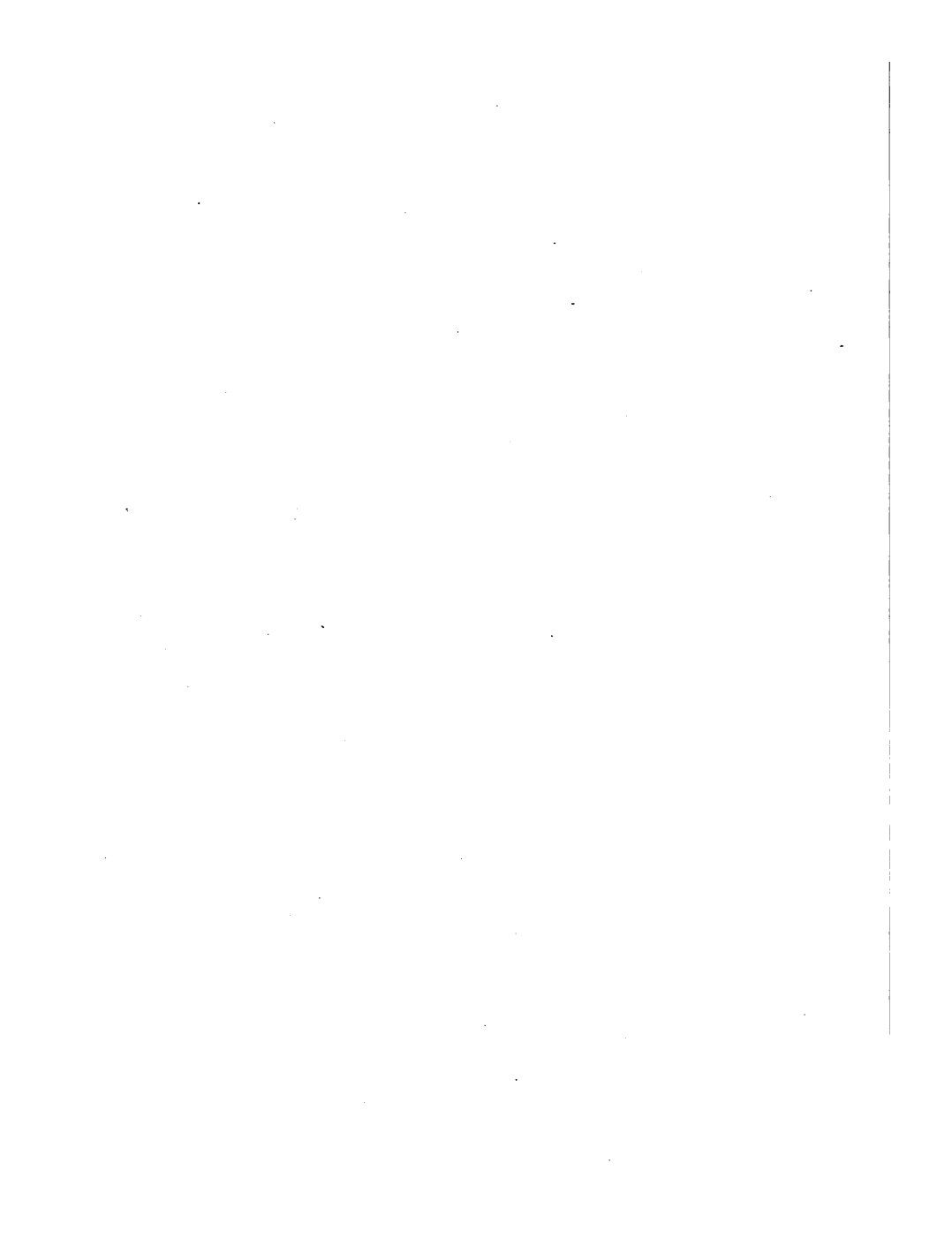












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